

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

Three Dollars a Year.  
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No. 27.

**RESIGNATION.**  
BY PAUL PLUMING.  
Let nothing make thee sad or fearful,  
Or (no regretful)  
Be still—  
What God has suffered must be right;  
Then find in it thine own delight.  
My will.  
Why shouldst thou sit all day with sorrow—  
Alone to-morrow,  
With me?  
One watches all with more true,  
Would not you give me this, too,  
Thy part.  
Only be steadfast, never weary,  
Nor seek earth's treasure,  
But rest;  
These knowest who God wills, what he  
For all His creatures, be for them,  
The best.

## HARD TIMES!

### The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873-74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.  
Author of "Jessie Dale," "Roxanewood,"  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE STORM BURSTS.

Like a lightning-stroke from a calm and clear sky came the announcement that September day of 1873, of the failure of the great banking house of Jay Cooke & Co.

Disaster on disaster quickly followed. Great name after great name went down, and the panic was fairly inaugurated.

"The worst is already reached," said the paper of the day. "But an uncertain hand was in the keeping of all. Days, weeks went by, and yet the tide of ruin did not turn. Speculation at first raged, but soon to the commercial and manufacturing classes the evil spread. Hallowed establishments, mills and factories numbering suspended operations; trade in all kinds; disease; grain; an entire nation, un-American fear swept over the whole wide land; and in the face of all stared the stern, pitiless winter."

Winter! a word of terror to thousands always, even in prosperous times. But now with work cut off, and with little or nothing in store for a season of want, to tens of thousands the thought of the approaching rigor mortis by the middle of the year, streak through them like a chill.

They felt beforehand the biting cold, the merciless wind, the bitterness of winter poverty.

"A most bitter lot to be poor when it snows!"

We pass on in story to show who are the real sufferers when financial calamities are visited upon a nation. In the guise of romance we shall picture truth and narrate experiences that none shall dare to pronounce exaggerated. We shall go back to the lofty and the humbly, to show that there are the real heroes and heroines of these trying times. We shall show that men are all of one brotherhood, though many deserve small recognition as belonging thereto; that Christian love reaches everywhere; that human sympathy is still precious; and that the great mass of humanity are yet worth of God's care.

With this preface we commence our tale of real and present life—a story emphatically of TO-DAY. If our pen falters in the task, and sometimes shrinks from the portrayal of truths and scenes painful to the feeling heart, let it not be forgotten that these things are; that want and愁 are not in unnumbered places; and that justice must be made acquainted with the facts.

In one of the large banking houses of Philadelphia, a meeting of all the members of the firm was held early on a September afternoon, 1873. It was a most anxious and important conference.

The senior partners had just come in with a formal withdrawal from the meeting.

He was a white-haired man, of grave mien and dignified manners; quietly possessing in his whole appearance, perhaps too cold and selfish.

"Well, Mr. Burton, what of the others of the firm?" inquired one of the others of the firm.

"Quite—uncommonly quiet," was the reply. "It is wonderful how well the secrets of business are held. It would seem that something must get out soon, yet the blow may not descend for a month yet."

The earth is mired under our feet—to speak—under the feet of the whole broad world, and yet none of us, if an accident were to be forced. Carwell & Co. are frightened, I understand, and can barely hold out—they may be the first to go by the board. If so, then we must follow—there's no help for it; but at present our creditors have no more idea of the probability of their disappearance than they have of the sky falling—it is human confidence. They press us unwittingly; there is not a whisper abroad yet questioning our soundness."



"Knowing that another day passed—aye, another hour—ruin might descend upon the house, he took the poor woman's money."

"Mr. Burton."  
It was a man who called, presenting himself at the door of the private office.

"Well, sir?"

"I would like to see you a moment,

please."

Mr. Burton stepped out.

"I'm a little pained, sir," began the clerk, "and so is Craft; he sent me to you. There is a woman in with four hundred dollars, whom he got to give him, sir, I should judge—and in view of our somewhat uncertain position, I thought, perhaps, you would advise the refusal of the money."

The clerk spoke a little falteringly, not knowing just what his employer might think of the matter. As for himself he was quite at a loss.

Mr. Burton remained motionless—only a movement. Then a hardness—a soulless unconcern became visible in his features.

"Oh, take the money, Lloyd. It will be all right."

"Just as you say, sir," returned the clerk, evidently finding his relief of the business and moral responsibility of the transaction.

Mr. Burton then re-entered the private office, and resumed the discussion with his partners of the subject in hand.

Returning to his desk, the clerk who had briefly interrupted the conference of his master, who had given no nod to Craft, who was looking for some intimation of the course he was to pursue. The latter upon receiving this intimation of his contemplated action, thus addressed the customer before him:

"All right, madam; we will accommodate you."

"Thank you, sir. I know the money will be promptly safe with you," she said in fullest confidence, adding, "and you will allow me interest on it."

"That is our custom."

"I have need to obtain the best rate," she continued. "But I wished to take my risk; and as I may be compelled to draw upon the amount before the winter is over, I propose to make no permanent investment."

Craft looked the woman closely.

He saw that she was a person of refinement, though no evidence of wealth was visible in her attire. She was, perhaps, a lone woman of respectability, possessing no business friends and no business knowledge, who had acquired by her own exertions the sum of a few hundred dollars, and wished to let them by an inevitable "rainy day."

He saw this, we say; and yet knowing that another day passed—aye, another hour—ruin might descend upon the house receiving it, he took the words saying with cold politeness:

"Here is your certificate of deposit, madam."

She placed the paper carefully in her pocket, and then with not one doubt of the stability and honesty of those she thus trusted, went out into the street.

Mr. Andrew Burton and his partners still remained in consultation.

Half an hour after the departure of the depositor to whom we have called attention, a messenger from another banker arrived with private information for them.

Mr. Burton read the communication without the movement of a muscle of his face, and the burden of the despatch was startling.

"Our last hope is gone—if hope is

to be called, he said, in cold calm-

ness. "Carwell & Co. are on the very verge of suspension; and when they go we go. Stand from under should be the amount of another dollar. The hour for making deposits is past; our doors are closed; will you go home satisfied, Mr. Colville?"

"Yes," he said, rising, "and this moment; there is nothing further I wish to do."

He bid his partners good afternoon, and went out.

When the door of the office closed, Mr. Burton turned to his remaining companion, with a look of mingled relief and triumph, saying, in a cold, stern whisper:

"He deceived Mr. Colville, and you also, Mr. Moore. Chaswick & Co. are posted with us yesterday, but I managed to conceal the fact from Mr. Colville and yourself. I knew he would be making a fuss. He had better retire from his present business. I think, when he is gone, we may have a very quiet time."

"You have done the same, I trust," said Mr. Burton. "The fall of Mr. Burton will be my utter pecuniary ruin. My private wealth will all be at the disposal of my creditors."

"Well, we shall miss," returned Mr. Burton; "only I shall make it convenient for you to have a great deal of private wealth. I have been very generous to my wife and children, sir, of late."

"I understand you, Mr. Burton," said the other, sighing, and amazed at this revelation of his partner's character. He had not believed his capable of such dishonorable action until now, though he well knew that many a fair-minded man of business had done much the same.

"What have you to say, Mr. Moore?" inquired Mr. Burton, addressing the third partner. "Shall the deposit of Chaswick & Co. be received?"

"I will not take a street car," she said to herself; "every penny that I can save for myself will be a great loss to my child's sake. When he recovers, and is at work again, I shall feel that I can indulge in the little extravagance of life. John has been ill so long that I fear he may need medical attendance for perhaps the whole winter—he fears so under his enforced idleness that it delays his improvement. But it will not happen again. John, never, I hope; our money is not in the savings fund this time, but with Burton & Co. They are known everywhere as honorable and trustworthy men; the money is just as safe as one."

"Before there is in the house, Mary, I'm a little suspicious of nearly everybody in a day—money matters, I mean—but what is an ignorant fellow to do? Don't let me alarm you, though; Burton & Co. are all right, for everybody says so."

And thus this simple-minded couple, ignorant of the most common sense in business, were all right.

With a step almost light, she passed from the noisy centre of business, and made her way upstairs.

Up Sixteenth street she went, up a low division of the street. Turning, she saw that she soon stopped at the door of one of the humbler dwellings in that quarter, and ringing, was admitted by a curly-headed little boy—her own child, very evidently.

"Well, Eddie," she said, "how is papa by this time?"

"O, a getting better no fast," replied the little fellow, in glee. "He played ball with us while you were gone, and—I shot him, and Freddie

and I had the best time we ever had."

"I am afraid it will not help his old pain to be subjected to all that," muttered the mother. "But I know John gets so tired of confinement that he cannot lie patiently quiet; and when I am away does impudent things. He only thought of amusing the children though."

He fled passed on to an upper chamber as she thus soliloquized, where she found her husband.

"Well, Mary," he said, cheerily, "you're back from your business trip?"

"Yes; and I got along so nicely. It is nothing to go to bank. I just told them what I wanted to do. Waited a while while we got this, producing the certificate of deposit," and came away."

"What a good body you are, Mary. How you are supporting the whole family—and I lying idle by."

"Oh, John," she cried, reprovingly, "don't speak in that tone of yourself. You know you are not able to do anything."

"I suppose not entirely, and yet I feel as if I ought to be at it. Work is plenty now, and in the winter it may be different."

"We'll go along, John; never fear that," was his wife's cheery response to his complaint. "With the rest for this winter, we may have to go to bed, though, and be forced to go to the bank, there's nothing to worry about."

"We ought to have more than that, and would have had but for the failure of the savings fund years ago. That threw me back sadly."

"Yes, so it did," mused Mrs. Woodcock, reflectively. "It is very hard, too, when the principal amount of nearly every day—money matters, I mean—have run away. But it will never happen again. John, never, I hope; our money is not in the savings fund this time, but with Burton & Co. They are known everywhere as honorable and trustworthy men; the money is just as safe as one."

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Leaving her husband with the children, Mrs. Woodcock went to prepare the evening meal.

Everything about the house gave evidence of her skill, neatness and thrift as a housekeeper. The only little difficulty was in the morning when the family were enjoying their tea presented a charming picture of house comfort. If care had entered under that roof, its presence had not yet become blighting. Some clouds lay around the horizon of that loving house, but large still lightened it.

Mr. Woodcock had been employed at good wages in a large locomotive manufacturing establishment of the city, and until his present disability, had made more than a living for his family. He hoped soon to be at his work again, and then all would be well.

Mrs. Woodcock was one of those

natively refined, loving and excellent women who, whatever their station in life, give a grace and dignity to it. Intelligent and well-read, modest and

unpretentious, she made no attempt to appear to be more than she was, but respected her friends thoroughly and was admitted to their spirit of pride as over-drawn in a house.

Her husband was steady, manly and intelligent—a model working man; her children were handsome and well-behaved; and Mrs. Woodcock felt that her lot in life, though not elevated and showy, was in all its essential conditions happy.

Bitter in poverty when it comes to such. They shrink from charity with a sensitiveness that only the present feel. Even when assistance is proffered them in the most delicate and inconspicuous way, they are loth to accept it. Only starvation can bring them to eat the bread the humanitarians would provide for them. Generous impulses drive them to crime—if crime can be called to take without asking what will save loved and dependent ones from famishing—but usually they are patient and long-suffering in their extremity, praying for opportunity to earn sufficient remunerating emoluments if no answer to their prayers be made.

The interval but one succeeding the day of her visit to the banking-house of Burton & Co., Mrs. Woodcock was the first to look into their daily paper.

Her eyes soon caught the heading of the account of the financial distress it contained.

"Jay Cooke & Co. have suspended," she read, in wonder, running to her husband with the startling news.

"Suspended! what does that mean, John?"

"John's face was white with a sudden apprehension."

"It meant about the same as failure, I guess," he answered, with a tremor of his voice.

"Read on, Mary."

"And—and—oh, John! Burton & Co. are named too!"

"Can it be?" he gasped, reaching for the paper again. "It is so—it is not; and our four hundred dollars are gone, I do not doubt."

"Oh, husband, not so bad as that, I trust."

"It may not be, but I'm afraid we'll be served as the savings bank served me years ago. The officers took mine and my husband's, and then, having been unable to get out of it at last, groaned John Woodcock, in conclusion. He groaned not only in bitterness of heart, but in physical pain.

His wife looked sharply at him, struck by his distressed tone.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, in alarm;

"you are sick again. Heaven help us!"

#### CHAPTER III.

THE MONEY, NOT THE MAN.

Cash upon cash!

First the speculators and over-speculators of the stock-market; then the closing of the exchanges; finally, general bankruptcy.

The young and aspiring firm of Chaswick & Co. had been greatly crippled by the failure of Burton & Co. Other disasters followed, partly as an incident, partly as a consequence, than the brave young houses had to go. Their failure was communicated privately and in person.

Nelson Chaswick had always been now young, though still young, he was the senior member of the firm. His career in the business world had been brilliant and extraordinary. Winning his way from the obscurity of his early youth to a position of trust and influence, he had rapidly advanced in business and society. It was whispered, too, that old Mr. LaMoyle would make Nelson Chaswick his heir; consequently the youth became an important figure in the social world.

All this had not spiced Nelson Chaswick. In trait and character he was true. The hedging circumstances of wealth and grand opportunities had not wrought his ruin. Daring and ambitions as a man of business, he was still in a degree imaginative, and his present infirmities had brought him back about a morally criminal branch of his business.

Leaving her husband with the children, Mrs. Woodcock had planned to ruin Nelson Chaswick, simply because they were jealous of him—because his name promised soon to shine brighter in the world of business than theirs.

They had an arrangement at the trying period in which our story opens which probably prove fatal, for they had secret intimation—aye, knowledge—that his hitherto generous patron, Mr. LaMoyle, was in no condition to extend him aid. The old gentleman, though he had years before retired from active mercantile pursuits, had found leisure enough to run his tongue occasionally to beguile the unemployed hours of his time, and unfortunately permitted himself to look with too much favor upon speculation in stocks.

The result was now foreseen.

Mr. LaMoyle was buried with necessities which were doing damage alarmingly. Chaswick & Co. had already come to the forceful pressure brought to bear against them.









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(April 10, 1875.)

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of the room. There was a confidence, a truce, in the soldier's tone that made him inclined to confide his words. "I am no possible that he knew the hiding-place of the fugitive from Braddock's field, and was her avenging father then on the trail that she had made thereto?"

For the first time the girl betrayed herself.

"How did you discover her?" she said, with a smile.

"Do not mind me," he said, and his dark eyes flashed at the victory he seemed to be gaining. "I can save him. I will send him beyond the reach of your father's hand. Consider. He is an Englishman—a brave man—and one of your people. His life is with you. Do not let me take you because your father has given you to me."

"Is it for this that you?" she cried.

"He has, men err."

"And you will take me because he has, if I refuse your offer?"

The soldier was struck dumb. Before the girl who had started forward with his own sword in her hand could not reply, Kate Rosalind was herself again. "It is you who have been here. Who is protecting me?"

Then the God found that palied member, and spoke.

"Will forge the oath to save Monsieur Kenneth," he said.

"No! not make a hundred images with Daniel Feymer. Not one of them commanding me shall be kept. Here is your sword,朋友, just like yours."

The officer took the weapon.

"I will not give him now," he cried, infatuated. "To-morrow's sun will melt the dew on his snail. You are mine, my purchased and richly won."

The young girl quivered the girl's lips when Kenyon started towards her with a wicked laugh.

She did not retreat, though his sword gleamed in his right hand, and his eyes blazed with the sparks of unmeasured fury.

"What I have bought, I claim," he cried, as his hand was closing on her arm, when a shadow fell on the wall before him.

It was a shadow of gigantic proportion, and goblin-like; and the startled soldier turned quickly towards the open door.

A savage confronted him—a savage who was almost black with anger, and M. Duane dropped Kate's arm as he exclaimed:

"Silent Serpent! I did not need for you."

"But the Serpent has trailed the lizard," thundered the Shawano, striding forward. "The Indian is on the soldier's trail. He will find the king's man to lead the wounded bird from him. The soldier has lied to the serpent. Where is Leono?"

Before M. Duane could reply, the savage had sung across the room, and was leaping upon him with glittering knife.

Started by the assault, the unprepared daughter seized the sword which had dropped from the Frenchman's hands, and with a bound, thrust it between the combatants.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**HAIL COLUMBIA!**

"Hail, Columbia!" is said to have been composed under the circumstances as follows: In the year 1776, when patriotic feelings were at their crest, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young actor, called one morning upon his friend, Mr. Hopkins, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, "If," said Fox, "you will write some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'Patriot's Friend,' I will secure a full house." Mr. Hopkins in a short time wrote the first song and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkins, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Fox returned in the evening he received a standing ovation, as it now stands. The following morning, the announcement was made that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song. The theatre was crowded; the room was sang and received with capture; it was a full house, and when the white whistle song of the boys in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail, Columbia," cheered the visitors of the theater, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys to the streets from end of the city to another. No was the audience frightened. The street in which it originally ran, one occasion crowded, and "Hail, Columbia" broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

**A BRUSSELS LOVE STORY.**

There is a pretty love story told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels. A poor young girl, named Gertrude, was dying for love of a young man, whose name she had never heard of before. One night, while she lay in a body uttered her entreaty, and, with a single word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bottom filled with thimbles. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbinet, and how to make all the delicate patterns and complicated stitches. A day or two later, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The proudest of the maidens in Brussels had never seen such a masterpiece—such a house—such a woman. "Hercules blesse him!" exclaimed Rosalind.

"Ay, and heaven will, Rosalind, if he is sincere, which I believe. Would to think there were more like him? for soft-fearing humanity needs the aid of all such philanthropic hearts. Had I not seen for myself, I would not have believed it to be true, that such a terrible impression could not be made?"

"Oh, if he do but bid her!" cried Rosalind. "I will never cease to call on Heaven to bless him. I will do more. Take this purse, and when you see him again, give it to her, and say it is for the poor."

Thus far, in a well-filled pause as she spoke, and handed it to Dr. Stanhope, who promised compliance with her request.

"How in 't," he said, reflectively,

"that there can be so many starving poor in a city so noted as this for the benevolence of its inhabitants."

"It is, perhaps, because those who have the means to relieve distress, do not reside in a quarter where it occurs under their notice," suggested Rosalind.

"Ay, that must be it," he rejoined.

"It must be so. I will think over it, to-morrow. I will go to think otherwise, to-morrow."

"As I told you before, Newton, we were by no means nearer than Elton, with us," replied Rosalind, with some embarrassment.

"But, surely, you know how come?" he rejoined, in a tone of surprise, looking her full in the face.

## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Sing and forget—it is better  
To sing every feeling aside.  
There is a secret in the letter  
Of revenge in thy breast to hide.  
For thy stony rough life's path shall be lighter,  
And the sky that abhors thee be brighter,  
When the cloud of displeasure has passed.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion  
To give vent an instant again,  
Let us sing, for remembrance increase the pain.  
For remembrance increase the pain.  
Or seek to encounter to-morrow,  
The secret that overcomes us to-day?

(Obstinate's a racing river,  
And when it flows it carries  
The remains of joy or woe it leaves.  
It leaves the storm clouds in its wake.  
For to-morrow we will ever regret;  
Though the morning breaks bright in the morn  
Ere the sunset, bright and forget.

## GATHERING TO DOOM!

## A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

This serial was commenced in No. 36, Vol. 18, and will be continued in the next number, which will be issued throughout the United States, or direct from the author.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## SUSPICION IN THE NIGHT QUARTER.

As the reader already knows, the first and second day of Dr. Stanhope's search for little Ellen, was without avail; for the first day she was a prisoner at Mulrueke's, and the second day a guest of Mr. McCallum's. On the third day, however, the third day drew to a close, without the young physician obtaining any tidings of the poor orphan. Each night he reported to Rosalind, and when he made his appearance there on the third night, his whole face showed that he was quite dispirited.

"Alas!" exclaimed Rosalind, who almost flew to meet him, so eager was she for the news: "Alas! Newton, I see by your countenance that you have again failed!"

"I have," he replied, sadly. "I can give no tidings of her whatever."

"She is safe," said Rosalind.

"I think not—at least I hope not—but it is very strange what can have become of her."

"Do you think there is no hope of finding the poor child?"

"Why, the prospect of doing no looks rather gloomy now. I am sorry to say—I but I need not despair. Her life has been spared for coward."

"But what has this to do with Ellen?" cried Rosalind, anxiously.

"I am sorry to tell you. The present holder of this estate (John De Camp Montague), a gentleman well advanced in years; the first heir presumptive, and named three heirs presumptive, the first legally claiming on the death of the holder, the second on the death of the first, and the third on the death of the first and second."

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"I do know her name," she replied; "but it is a name that I would not dare to repeat in the hearing of my father."

"Indeed."

"Nor would I have one of the servants hear it. You think this strange, Newton, and I cannot explain it. But I will trust you with the name; and you will promise me not to mention it again in this dwelling, for fear it might reach my father's ears."

"Certainly, Rosalind," he replied; "I will withhold the name, if it be your desire."

"It is. Some time I may be able to satisfy your curiosity—but not now."

She looked around the splendid apartment, and added, in a low tone:

"Her last name is Norbury."

"The deacon was alone, so far as having a human spectre, whose presence could be felt rather than seen; for every now and then the deacon would look hurriedly around, as if half-expecting something to appear in a tangible shape; and even his own shadow on the wall, more than once caused him to start with a nervous thrill of terror.

There was a dirty little scrap of paper lying on the open lid of the desk before him; and he picked it up, and read it for the twentieth time. It was nothing but a very faint, illegible, and broken record, like a footprint in the sand, and he could hardly make out the words:

"...you find her I have pelt with..."

"...you surprise—alarm me, Newton!"

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"...you surprise—alarm me, Newton!"

"...you find her I have pelt with..."

"...you surprise—alarm me, Newton!"

"...you find her I have pelt with..."

"...you surprise—alarm me, Newton!"

"...you find her

April 13, 1874.

## TRUE LOVE CAN NEVER DIE.

BY HOWARD W. LONG.

The love may lose its grace,  
And age will dim the eye;  
The cheek may lose the hue of health,  
But still your heart will burn  
No change which time's unsparring hand  
May mark on form or face.  
Thus love will still burn,  
Though years have dimmed her grace.  
Time never can efface.

Adversity will also prove

The love that's lasting true;  
He's friend of fortune's friends—  
True love will shine through want or woe;

No later in its truth;

True love will beat as one;

Though age has conquered youth;

In heaven, as on earth, true love

Can never change its hue;

With bright and cheerful glow,

Through death may separate us,

And joined again in heaven, twill last

Through all eternity!

## For True Love's Sake!

ON.

## The Discarded Wife.

BY KETT WINWOOD.

(This serial was commenced in No. 26, Vol. 44. Subscribers may obtain from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I LOVED YOU."

The door was burst open, and Godfrey came running in. He had been on the watch; it would appear. Rose's cry reached him, and he knew, instinctively, that something was wrong.

He looked white and frightened. But there was something besides terror in his pallid face—fury, desperation, despair were all written upon it. In one hand he was clutching at his side, a pistol gleamed brightly.

At sight of him, Rose gave a sudden spring and wrenches at the banker's clinging fingers. She turned to the new comer with a flicker of white, hot anger under her lashes, and a greenish pallor upon Major Vaughn's face.

"Kill him! Kill him! He knows too much! He has found us out. We can't wait for the poison to work. Kill him, or he will ruin us!"

But Godfrey stood stock still, as if he were frozen in his tracks. The breath ran icily cold over his lips. He seemed powerless to move or to stir.

"Coward!" screamed Rose, with a snarl of rage.

She seemed beside herself. I will mercilessly do her the justice to say I believe she was mad in that awful moment of defeat and detection—that she was not accounted for her own actions.

With a bound she had reached Godfrey's side, and torn the pistol from his grasp.

"I've risked all," she hissed, sharply;

"but now I will not lose all! That man shall not live to betray me."

She drew back, covering her uncle's heart with that deadly ring of steel. The trigger clicked sharply; and at this critical moment Major Vaughn sprang into his place, and rushed wildly up to her, thrusting aside the murderous weapon with her own white hand.

"Rose, Rose," she screamed, "what would you do?"

The pistol exploded. A shrill cry of anguish and rage filled the room. Godfrey Vaughn fell face downward on the floor, dead.

The bullet, turned aside from its intended destination, had buried itself in the villain's side.

Rose glared all around a moment, with a dazed, bewildered expression upon her face. She dashed the disengaging bands from her face. With a loud, hysterical cry, she sprang forward, and pinned her hand upon his breast.

"You know me? Oh, my husband, you know me at last!"

"Yes. I think I began to suspect the truth while you were talking to me and kneeling by my bed-to-night. But something told me to wait, to be silent, now, as I had been told that I would."

She clung to him as if she never meant to let go. She covered his face with kisses and tears. For a few brief seconds she even forgot the terrible tragedy that had been enacted in that room.

"You believe in my innocence now?" she whispered. "You know I have always loved you—always been true to you?"

A slight shade flitted over his expressive features.

"I cannot doubt you," he murmured, "I do not comprehend the real truth, even yet; but it would be a sin to distrust you now."

No reply came. She felt a feeble hand gripping at her long hair. Looking down, she saw that Godfrey had writhed close up to the couch, and lay there with his eyes imploringly fixed upon her own.

His face was ghastly. There was blood upon it, for he had mopped up a pool of his own gore in his haste. But it was the blood which struck a sudden chill to Rose's heart. It was the livid expression settling over those features with such strange rapidity.

"It's death," he gasped, faintly.

"Rose has done for me. I'm dying!"

Nora sprang to his side and lifted up his head, so that it rested upon her shoulder.

"Godfrey! you shall not die until you have confessed to your sin! You shall not die until he has bared the truth from your own lips! Would you take your guilty soul up to God without one sin atoned? Oh, mercy! mercy! Tell my husband that I am here!"

He hesitated. A strange look broke

over his face. It was too late for anything save confession and repentance, and he knew it.

"You will forgive me, Nora?" he pleaded, in a scarcely audible voice.

"You will forgive me if I tell everything? I loved you so! My love never failed, though you may have thought it did, and you were never half so dear as in that moment when my revenge seemed most complete."

Major Vaughn was staring at him with wondering eyes. He thought Godfrey must be wandering already.

"You loved her?" he repeated. "You loved Nora?"

He had turned her sweet, truthful face toward him.

"Yes, Douglas," she said, "I believe Godfrey did care for me a little. He was my lover long before I ever knew you. He is the man of whom I told you that day when you married me."

The last words were spoken hesitatingly, and a flush kindled in her pale cheeks. She could not, even yet, get rid of that wretched time with any degree of calmness.

"I—I thought it was Roland Dane I loved in those old days," he stammered, confusedly.

Godfrey lay shivering and shivering in Nora's arms. At this moment, he looked up at her again, wildly, impudently.

"You have not said that you forgive me for all I have made you suffer," he said.

"I do forgive you, freely, fully."

"God bless you. I will confess—indeed, I will confess. It's all the same now that I can make."

He did confess. The servants came flocking in, pale and frightened, while he was speaking—aroused from their beds by the pistol-shot. But he went on, without minding them, and told the whole, shameful story in his weak, faltering voice.

He was still with the missing money. Rose had taken it. One of the clerks in the bank was her accomplice. She had been hard pressed for means to make the display that accorded with her tastes, and while being driven to make money of her own, did not like to ask her uncle for the large sums she deemed necessary.

The paltry thefts about the house were also her work. She wished to bring suspicion upon Janet, by this means, and weaken her cousin's hold upon Major Vaughn's affections.

The false detective, David Drew, was Mrs. Saltonstall in disguise. She was the woman who had been sent to write off the account from the latter. Roland Dane had pawed upon her to play the role she had assumed.

Godfrey could tell no more of this particular matter. But he began to speak of his own peculiar affairs, and described his rage and fury when he learned that Major Vaughn had married Janet. He laid bare the wicked plot that had been woven so subtly by Roland, Mrs. Saltonstall, and himself, and finally confessed to the attempt upon his uncle's life.

"Nora is pure and true, Uncle Douglass," he said, gasping, at the last.

"With my dying breath I declare my love to your fidelity to you. Take her to your heart, and cherish her. She deserves service."

He ceased to speak.

"Poor, persecuted Nora," murmured Mrs. Saltonstall in disgust.

The room was silence, to which the sound of the pistol-shot added.

A faint groan came from his face for an instant. Then it died away again.

"It's coming—death," he gasped.

"Uncle—Nora—forgive—"

He threw up his hands with a long, moaning cry, caught his breath feebly once or twice, and so died.

Footsteps came up the stairs at this instant. Major Vaughn crossed the threshold—he had been wandering in the grounds, all this while, coming to a perfect understanding there—they crossed the threshold, and stood spell-bound at the sight that met their gaze—the dead man lying on the floor—the frightened servants clustered about him—and the rent husband and wife clasped in a close embrace.

Let us drop a curtain on the scene.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUNLIGHT AT EVESTIDE.

About ten o'clock the next morning, the trembling, shrinking figure of Rose Carrington crept up thereaking stairs, entered that dismal den in Cherry Street.

She leaned forward, and pressed her lips to his clammy brow. Surely it was not wrong to avenge him thus!

A faint groan came from his face for an instant. Then it died away again.

"It's coming—death," he gasped.

"Kiss me, Nora!" he cried. "Once—only once. It's growing dark! Kiss me, darling."

They were very happy in the days that followed those strange events at Rosewood. There was perfect trust and of course perfect peace. The two had passed from their lives at last, and they lived in the sweet sunshine of mutual love and mutual happiness.

Susette always remained with them, and Mrs. Churchill was a frequent and welcome visitor at their happy home.

Eugene Lenox married Jules, and the measure of bliss to these two tried and trusting hearts was also full. Out of the shadow God had lifted them, and they were content.

It is thought, however, that Mrs. Saltonstall is with them, and the three are having somewhere in the south of France.

Rose will never be molested, in any event. The public were given to understand that Godfrey had committed suicide. Major Vaughn wished it to be so. His wife had given up all, after all, and he could not bear that she should be brought to trial.

It is to be hoped that the angel of remorse entered her soul long since, and is there doing its work of reformation.

And now we leave Nora, our heroine, the wife who was discarded, but taken back so eagerly by her husband, a man of all the world.

She is the belle of all the ballroom.

Major Vaughn is with his wife, and the two are the envy of all.

Mrs. Saltonstall lay on the shabby sofa, with the stem of a black pipe stuck between her lips. She was tossing about restlessly, and muttering to herself, with a strong, ghastly smile upon her yellow lips.

Major Vaughn sat near her, reading.

Rose went up to him, trembling very much. She laid one of her slender hands upon his shoulder.

"All is lost," said she, abruptly.

"Discovery, ruin, have not us fate to

the woman who has come back."

"What answer?" cried Roland, starting at her.

"She has deserved and outwitted us all. That Sister Theresa was

Nora Vaughn in disguise."

Roland started up with a dreadful oath. He clapped both hands to his forehead. He could not believe this terrible news; and yet he was pretty clearly what must be the result if it were true.

"It is fatal," he stammered.

"It is true," said she, and "I have not told you the worst by any means I can."

She stopped short. Breath seemed to fail her. She dropped almost fainting at her lover's feet, and wildly uplifted her hands.

"Oh, Roland—Roland!" she gasped.

He did not hear her. The cause of her emotion was a mystery to him, as yet. He stood staring at her, white and furrowed.

"And so we have failed?" he said, very softly.

Mingled with all his rage and despair, there was a feeling of admiration for the courageous creature who had begged him so successfully.

"Strange, strange," he muttered,

"that none of you should have known,

she should have guessed Nora's identity. I do not understand it."

"No I," said Rose, falteringly. "I suppose the very boldness of her appearance disarmed suspicion. She had changed her voice, and disguised her figure. Even her face was very much altered by the moment she wore."

"It must have been," she said. "But Nora is nothing to you and me, now, Roland," she added, clasping his hand.

"You will forgive me, if I tell everything? I loved you so! My love never failed, though you may have thought it did, and you were never half so dear as in that moment when my revenge seemed most complete."

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